

by horses. Life was not long in stamping on
 the boy's
 memory its lesson of transience and
 mortality. And
 now the lesson was repeated. Ronsard
 passed to the
 service of the dead prince's brother, then to
 their sister,
 Madeleine of France, who had fallen in love
 at sight with
 James V of Scotland, come to help France
 against the
 Spaniard; and refused, consumptive though
 she was, to
 forgo a passion which was foreseen to be
 certain death
 for her in the bleakness of mediaeval
 Scotland—*ung
 pays barbare et une gent brutelle*. 'Pour le
 moins', said
 she, 'tant que je vivray, je seray reyne.'
 Wedded she was;
 and her young page must have listened to
 the naively
 charming *Chant Nuptial* of Clement Marot:

Brunette elle est, mais pourtant elle est
 belle . . .
 Mesme la-bas les nymphes escossoyses
 Avec grand joye attendent ton venir,
 Et vont disans qu'elles seront frangoyses
 Pour le grand bien qui leur doit advenir.

The joy was brief enough. Two months after
 her trium-
 phal entry into Linlithgow, still uncrowned,
 the queen of
 sixteen was quietly dead in her husband's
 arms at Holy-
 rood. 'Helas', said she, j'ay voulu estre
 reyne/ To mourn
 her they wore black for the first time in
 Scotland. And
 for a second time Ronsard saw the warning
 his poems
 were so often to repeat:

Nous ne tenons en nostre main
 Le temps futur ni le lendemain,
 Le vie n'a point d'assurance;
 Et pendant que nous desirons
 La faveur des rois, nous mourons
 Au meilleur de nostre esperance.

For two years he stayed in Scotland. To

the King the
boy was a relic of the dead. And for Ronsard
himself the
time was not idle; a Scottish friend, 'le
seigneur Paul',
read with him, so that he could afterwards
render them